

Amy Arena, Excuse Me

Excuse me
If I don't get up
Excuse me
If I'm an unwed mother
Excuse me
If I don't have a job
Excuse me
If I'm a gap-toothed woman

Excuse me
If I don't stink of Chanel No. 5
And I don't drink champagne and I loathe caviar
Excuse me
If I get bored easily when men start talking about their jobs
And their money
And their ex-wives and ex-girlfriends
And their trouble with their mothers and their bosses
And their alimony payments and their goddamned visitation rights

Excuse me
If I don't have a boyfriend and I don't want a boyfriend
And I don't get wet when foolish men touch me
And invite me into the back seat of their expensive cars
Excuse me
If I'm not an ordinary girl or an average girl or like the girl you imagine next door
And I like the color black and naugahyde that is black and whips and chains and use coffee filters for
And White-Out for nail polish because I like it
Excuse me!
Excuse me?

Excuse me
If I don't eat meat
And I'm against cruelty to animals
And I'm anti-vivisection
And I eat ice cream with nuts from the rainforest
Because I support the rainforest
Excuse me
If I scare you by the way I dress
And by my direct language that's never used in the universities or your senile boardrooms
Because I'm a product of the '90s
I'm a woman of the '90s
I'm my own person and I'm not a victim
And I've risen above the garbage heap I was born in
And I look down on you who've never seen a trashcan in your life
And I don't need your approval or applause

Just excuse me
Excuse me!
Excuse me

Excuse me
If I don't get up
Excuse me
If I'm an unwed mother
Excuse me
If I don't have a job
Excuse me
If I'm a gap-toothed woman

Life is just one damned thing after another
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